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# THE Johnson Journal

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Mid-Winter Issue

February, 1942

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# THE JOHNSON JOURNAL

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## EDITORIAL



## WE MUST NOT FAIL

WAR!!! This ghastly word echoes and reechoes throughout the nation. It is on the mind and tongue of everyone. It is splashed on newspapers, magazines and on the screen. It filters through radio programs. We cannot avoid it; it is a realization. All that we stand for and all that our forefathers fought for is at stake, and we are called on to fight for it again. We did not want this war—we did all we could to avoid it, but it was inevitable and now we must use every ounce of strength which we can muster to crush the Axis powers.

When Japan so slyly invaded us we were caught napping. It came as a startling surprise. Many unthinking people had laughed at the audacity of Japan to attack a nation such as we. These people are now laughing out of the other side of their mouths, for the aggressor did attack Hawaii and has taken Guam, Midway, and Wake Islands, the whole Malay Peninsula except Singapore, and has made serious advances in the Philippines and the Dutch East Indies. This is certainly nothing to laugh about.

What have we been doing in the meantime? We have done much, but we have not done enough. We have extended the age limit of those eligible for selective service, so that we have many more recruits reporting to training camps every day. It is expected that our army will number 3,600,000 by the end of 1942. These men will be useless, however, if we do not have war supplies at hand for them to use, and here is where one of our largest difficulties rises—in production.

It is true that we are increasing production at a remarkable speed, but we have many flaws. There is the business man who wants to carry on "business as usual." There is profiteering. There is a great waste of labor through strikes and there is a great waste of time due to the conversion of industries. All these must be cut down before our war production can sail at top speed on a calm sea.

And lastly we come right down to ourselves and our families. We are too young to actually shoulder a gun or fly a plane and many of our parents are too old. What can we do? We want to help just as much as the boys in training camps. Our help is of the greatest value, yet it is the hardest help to give. It is the silent help, the unlauded help, yet it is of vital importance. We can cut down on waste. We can use a half sheet of yellow paper for our homework instead of the large sheet of expensive white paper. We can cut down on our sugar usage. We can refrain from hoarding. We can refrain from spreading rumors. We can keep informed and intelligent. We can learn the air-raid rules. We can do small defense jobs. We can keep cool and not lose our heads. We can save scrap metals for the government and we can save our newspapers for the government. We can go for a walk on Sunday afternoon, rather than a ride, to conserve rubber tires. We can boost the morale of our armed forces by giving them books, writing to friends in the army and navy, sending them small, but much appreciated gifts. We can cut down on those lengthy telephone calls with the

boy friend or girl friend. We can buy defense bonds and stamps. Finally, but probably most important, we must stand behind our leaders and give them our moral support. They need our co-operation and we must give it to them. WE MUST NOT FAIL.

—Norman Andrew, '42

### WHAT TO DO

Do you realize the danger we are in at this present moment? What would you do if the air-raid alarm rang throughout the vicinity of Lawrence? Would you run? Would you get all excited and panicky? These are important and serious questions which Americans must consider. You see slogans and posters here and there that read: Do Not Run During An Air Raid! Keep Calm! Do Not Leave The Home! These and many others are read each day by thousands of people in the schools, in the home, at the office, in the mill, etc.

Yes, it is true people read these slogans, but do they think them over and try to picture themselves during an air-raid? Enemies want the people to become panicky and run about the streets. Defend yourself rather than offend yourself.

Have you fixed your air-raid shelter yet? Ah, this is another important problem. Each and every family should have an air-raid room. If people fix a small room in their home with but few windows, and provide it with necessary equipment, the people would not get panicky. If there were an air-raid room in their homes, they would know where they could go during an air-raid alarm. Do not wait until the last minute! It may be too late!

Two bells! Oh, that's Johnson High School's air-raid signal. At the present time everyone passes in an orderly way to the area to which his

home room has been assigned, leaving his books in the room in which he is when the signal is sounded, and returning there after the alarm. The teachers go to the area assigned to their rooms, also. Rooms 8, 13, and 18 will go to the corridor in front of the cafeteria; 6, 2, and 4 to the gymnasium; and 10, 11, and 12 to the main corridor by the library.

Louise Lafond, '43

### WHAT MAKES A WELL-READ PERSON

In my estimation a well read person is one who reads thoroughly and with discrimination. We know that we had much rather be known as the above mentioned person than as one who reads widely but absorbs nothing from his reading. This does not mean, however, that a person cannot read widely and yet read thoroughly and with discrimination. Returning to the person who reads widely but absorbs nothing, we ask ourselves, "Of what use can his reading be to him?" He certainly cannot discuss at any length the books he has read. This is where the person who reads thoroughly has the advantage over the widely read person who absorbs nothing. He can review and discuss intelligently the books he has read. Not only that but at the same time as he absorbs what he is reading he also enlarges his vocabulary.

Speaking of enlarging the vocabulary brings us to another point in, "What Makes a Well-Read Person." The point is, "Should a well-read person read everything or only the best?" I think that just naturally a well-read person is one who usually reads nothing but the best. But is it not so that every now and then we all have a desire to leave the best and read some nonchalant affair? That is why we believe that an educated person should read everything. For, not



only does the lesser literature rest us, but it also gives us a glimpse of what the minds of people who read only that are like. Certainly reading trash does not enlarge the vocabulary, but the point is that one needs every now and then a rest from the higher class of reading.

This brings us to another point, that of whether or not an educated person reads various types of literature? Certainly an educated person should read various types of literature. One must not read only the older classics, although these are con-

sidered excellent. One must keep up to date. Our newspapers and magazines are for the most part well written, and we should read them to follow the trend of modern events. We also have some good writers, and I think it is up to us to read their books and thus encourage them to write more. In these modern times we have every advantage of keeping up with the new books as there are book reviews in different papers. This certainly is an advantage over the other centuries.

Elizabeth Renault, '42



## LITERARY



### CHEMISTRY

Surely you all must remember back when you studied chemistry. If you do, you will have no trouble remembering some of the people you met during this scientific excursion.

The four most common (they kept running around and getting in your way) were Hydrogen, Oxygen, and those two brothers, Sodium and Potassium. Oxygen was a big, healthy, fellow. Why, he'd make two of Hydrogen, Potassium, or Sodium. He was always very active, always getting mixed up in this or that.

Sometimes Oxygen and Hydrogen would get together and have a little water, but, without fail, the minute Sodium or Potassium came along there would be violence.

Then there was Chlorine. She used to go out with Sodium. What an affair was their marriage! They would go about doing "flavors" under the name of Mr. and Mrs. Sodium Chloride.

It really turned out quite sadly. You see, Hydrogen always had had a place in his heart for Chlorine.

Since Sulphur and Oxygen were his friends, he used to get them to try a little double replacement now and again. They would combine with Sodium and while his back was turned, Hydrogen would go out with Chlorine. You know, the old eternal triangle.

Then I remember when Sodium, Oxygen, and Hydrogen spent their off days together. They were a base crowd, and were always sour.

Of course you always have your shirkers, no matter where you go. We had Neon, Helium, Argon and a few others. They were an inert, inactive bunch.

Later Mercury and Oxygen were married, but they bungled it. Every time things got hot, they would break up.

We can't forget old Litmus. He was referee at most of the contests. Why, every time Acids and Bases played, they needed him so as to tell what was going on. They were a husky lot. They'd play on and on, without rest, until they just neutralized themselves.

Dewey Dyer, '43

## MOTION PICTURES

One of the early experiments in motion pictures was conducted in California, by a man who set up twenty-four cameras a foot apart along a race course and took twenty-four successive snapshots of a running horse.

Then came the second great step in the motion picture industry, the invention of celluloid film to take the place of glass plates. The first film was made in 1888. The only remaining step was to devise a machine which would permit pictures to be thrown on a screen. Then came the invention of the modern projector.

Sound pictures are an outgrowth of experiments conducted by the Bell Telephone Company. Rapid improvements on the machinery for the recording of sound followed. These are only a few steps which give us our modern motion picture.

The exposed film of a moving picture is developed in exactly the same way as ordinary camera films, except that it is wound on a wooden frame for convenience in handling, and remains on this frame as it's dipped in one tank after another in the process of developing. It may then be wound on a large rotating cylinder frame for drying. The original film is called a negative and from it a number of positives may be printed.

The printing is done on practically the same kind of transparent sensitized film that is used for the negative. Machines carry the two films, one laid smoothly over the other, and hold them together, while the light from a small electric bulb shines on one picture after another, until the long roll is printed. Films having sound records are printed twice; the pictures are printed first, then the sound strip is printed alongside of the same film. Now the film is ready for showing.

In the motion picture theater the projectors are operated from special fireproof rooms, with ports through which beams of light are thrown. Each theater has two or more projectors, so that at the end of a reel a new reel may be started on another machine and the picture continued without interruption. This is one of the advantages of motion pictures.

The benefits of motion pictures are many. The motion picture industry has grown in size and number until it has reached its peak. Millions of people are employed and maintained by this industry, and thousands of jobs have been created through this industry. This industry depends on many other industries and in turn they depend upon it in many ways. The children in our school are educated by means of a motion picture camera; the world is supplied with news and facts by means of the motion picture; people are entertained day and night by the millions. This industry has proved its worth and has many more advantages which act in a way to benefit the human race.

George Gildea, '42

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## MY FLOWER GARDEN

My garden is a pastime,  
It always keeps me busy.  
I work my fingers to the bone  
To keep my garden pretty.

My cosmos are so tall and strong,  
Nasturtiums are so frail;  
Daily they are sprinkled well  
By a rusty watering pail.

They will blossom all year long  
To make my yard seem nice.

My mother picks some for the  
house—  
"A few," she says, "suffice."

William Deighan, '43



## THE SAGA OF CAPTAIN KELLY

'Twas on a calm and sunny morn,  
 That Captain Kelly flew,  
 Along with sixteen other men,  
 To scan the ocean blue.

He did not know when he flew out,  
 That 'ere the day was o'er,  
 He would have died to save his land,  
 First hero of the war.

When first they left they flew and  
 flew,  
 But not a thing they saw,  
 Till suddenly they spied a ship  
 With no insignia.

Suddenly a flag appeared,  
 The hated Rising Sun.  
 The men thought of the Japs' foul  
 deed,  
 They knew what must be done.

Then down swooped Kelly from the  
 sky,  
 His throttle open wide;  
 He was resolved to sink that ship,  
 That friends in peace might bide.

His face we can imagine well;  
 'Twas white and grim and cold;  
 His eyes were like great deep, dark  
 wells;  
 His courage there was told.

His comrades saw all this, his love  
 Of life and home and kin,  
 And courage swelled within their  
 breasts;  
 They said, "Our land will win."

They saw the ship was sinking fast,  
 Their comrade Kelly dead;  
 So home they flew, these sixteen men,  
 To tell what we have read.

Like this it spread throughout the  
 land,  
 Encouraging all men.  
 They all joined up to get a shot,  
 No matter where or when.

It bolstered up our high morale,  
 And made it soar anew;  
 We'll do our best to save our flag,  
 To it we will be true.

We answered their unspoken plea  
 By one united cry,  
 "We take again the torch you  
 dropped,  
 Resolved to do or die.

"We must uphold our lawful rights;  
 Bring liberty and life,  
 To those unhappy lands afar,  
 That bear the marks of strife."

'Twill reign again I know full well,  
 For people love it best;  
 'Tis peace, not war, that is the end,  
 For it is Heaven-blessed.

Elizabeth Morton, '45

## TEMPERATE!

Where do you suppose he got the idea that New England lies in the temperate zone, that geographer who so loosely divided this spheroid according to climate? Surely he could never have lived here in December, and felt that his feet had mysteriously departed from his body, or in June, to lie in humid lethergy in a lukewarm lake. Why, even the mercury could have told him: "Dear sir, if you could only see the amount of exercise I get hopping from fifty up to one hundred and one and dropping down into the minuses—! 'Moderate,' 'not liable to excesses of heat or cold'—those are synonyms for that zone in which you so glibly included our sector. But I tell you, and who could tell you better," (here he preens himself a little) "that this climate's a slave-driver."

Mercury's right. Who could tell him better? Well, we could all add our bit. We've lived through flood and hurricane. "Not a fair example," he would reiterate. "They were the



exceptions, not the rule." Can't contradict him there. Well, if he's going to be stubborn, let's try going poetic.

Why, sir, (Above all be civil; don't lose your temper just because he's defending his delusive brain-child.) picture high drifts of downy, crystalline snow, dressing every bush and shrub in a bouffante gown of sparkling grace, long stretches of smooth, hard, blue ice mirroring those bowing ballerinas. (Ah, he's smiling, but I'll fix that.) Now feel the elusive hand of Jack Frost sliding the lovely snow behind your collar to trickle in spine-chilling rivulets into your cosy shell, and blowing the dressmaker of those bouffante skirts into every crevice of your home to defy the valiant efforts of Friend Fuel, tripping you on the glassy ice to prove to such Doubting Thomases just how hard and unyielding it is. (Ha, the smile is pale blue now, bleak, isn't it?).

(Now that we've got him worn down on the winter angle, let's "get hot.") Of course, even if that lasts to a more or less severe degree for five or six months there is summer to consider. For three months the fields are green (when they aren't burnt to a crisp), flowers bloom profusely (as long as the rain falls), and the leafy boughs sway and yawn lazily in the sultry breeze. That's all very well—unless you're working in the fields under that tyrant sun, or in the towns shut off from even the sultriest breeze; even on vacation when you don't have to exert yourself, the damp atmosphere makes moving to swat that pesky fly or massage the most recent mosquito bite, and remaining motionless, uncomfortable.

Now, to hear me blast him like this, you'd think that I disliked this climate, to say the least. Not at all. It's much more expensive if you have to travel to get a change, and we have

our pleasant transitional months. But please, let's not call it "temperate."

Phyllis Terret, '42

## FORTUNE TELLING

"Fortune telling has exercised a fascination on the human race throughout the world from the earliest period of our history." At least that's what it says in the front of this fortune telling book.

It contains astrology, palmistry, playing-card fortunes, fortunes in a tea-cup, physiognomy (or fun with faces), dictionary of dreams, what the dice foretell, and signs, omens, and superstitions.

Astrology sounds rather dull and very confusing with words I never heard of, such as zodiacs, cusps, equinox, and silly phrases, such as "Fire and water are congenial, while earth and water are not congenial." I suppose in the end you have to draw your own conclusions.

Next is entitled "How to Choose a Wife" and "How to Choose a Husband." It says that if your husband was born anywhere from July 23 to August 22, for example, he will be proud and stubborn, very fond of pleasure and bossy. If a wife is born from January 16 to February 15, she's the club-woman type, not a good wife and homemaker.

I shall pass over fortunes by playing cards as it sounds like witchcraft. "Lay out all the cards, pick them up, shuffle them, concentrate on a card and wish at the same time."

"Fortunes in a Tea-cup." Well, I hope we have something at last. Light leaves mean you will see a light complexioned girl, dark leaves a tall, dark stranger.

I had intended to pass over Physiognomy as I don't know the correct meaning and the dictionary is too far away. But when I looked at some ter-

rible drawings I knew there was no need of the dictionary, as all it is, is some faces, all shapes and sizes. I hope most people don't look like that, even if that's the way the fortune-tellers think they do.

The "Dictionary of Dreams" consists of two pages covered with things like: Bacon; if you dream of eating bacon, you will triumph over your enemies. To receive a birthday present means you will soon be poverty-stricken. To give one means you will receive a large sum of money and quickly lose it. Now, I ask you, what is the point in getting it if you're going to lose it?

And now some superstitions. A bride should never look in the mirror after being fully clothed in her wedding gown. But how will she know if her lipstick's on straight or her veil is over one eye? Well, of course, that remains to be seen.

If you wear your right shoe out before the left you'll never rise above mediocrity.

Well, that's the end, and as a final note on the last page, it reads: "These fortunes are not intended to convey to you any ideas of scientific research. They are intended for amusement only." And I silently think to myself, "Of course, amusement."

Carolyn Welch, '43

### CONFLICT

The storm rolled o'er and the men  
fought on

Far away into the night,

But the wind and sea as they roar  
with scorn

Are a terrible thing to fight!

Dorothy McDowell, '45

### BARGAIN BASEMENTS

If you haven't, don't; if you have, you won't. If you value your feet at all, don't go into a bargain basement. The torture chamber hasn't been made that will compare with the bargain basement. What's that? It sounds fascinating? Well, if you really insist on going there, I'll give you a few pointers I picked up while paying one of Macy's relatives an all too prolonged visit. First you must go prepared. If you can't find a suit of armor along with that skeleton in the closet, you won't bleed as badly if you wear a minimum of six sweaters. Ladies, while you're there, you might pick out a wig and perhaps your husband won't notice the difference for a while. Of course that won't be necessary if you're lucky to escape with two or three hairs for then they might be arranged in a new form of hairdo. Sonny's football spikes might add a certain zest to the basement appearance unless the store has had foresight enough to install a few nurses and the fire department.

Well, now you're in the store. (I advise you to give the baby his paregoric and get there by the opening of the savage paradise). You saunter around, leisurely glancing at the bargain tables, when suddenly you spy that thing which would look grand on your kitchen floor, and a thousand other floors too, marked down from \$2.00 to the humble price of only \$1.98. Your blood begins to race, your face flames, your muscles get tense—you're almost there, one more step, still trying to act nonchalant, you clutch for it and suddenly fifty-six booming voices, sweating faces and vicious looks have done their duty. Involuntarily you have found a secluded spot for yourself—under the table.



Meek and mild as you are, you use your little knife, bought especially for the occasion. You use it only seven or eight times. When it gets too smeary under there, like a mad bull in the china shop, you make a dash and manage finally to get outside the door. Panting and drooping, you have time to catch only one morsel of air in your remaining lung. The door bursts open and the fortunate forty-nine come rushing out with their conquest clutched triumphantly in their grimy bones. Timidly, with a sort of reverence, you re-enter the store to find the third finger of your right hand. Picking your way among the wounded, you see the thing for your floor, and forgetting about your more personal element, you snatch it up with your less bruised hand, and join the forty-niners.

After convincing your husband that you're the one who burns his toast, and not Joe Louis's sparring partner, he finally admits you. After all it's been through, the thing for the floor looks lovely as a hat, and you go to bed for a much needed rest, while the doctor collects enough to have bought a genuine oriental rug.

Ruth Craig, '42

### SLEEPING BEAUTY

To Sleeping Beauty's christening feast,

Twelve fairies were invited.

But woe to her; through lack of plates,

A thirteenth one was slighted.

The fairies came and brought her gifts,

Eleven were presented.

Then burst the angry fairy in,

She raged like one demented.

"No good from all these gifts shall come,

This princess fair is fated.

At fifteen from a spindle prick  
She dies!" the fairy stated.

The King and Queen did loud lament,  
The princess started weeping.

"But stay, not death, my gift shall be,  
One hundred years of sleeping."

The maid waxed fair as years passed  
by,

Till fifteen did she number.

Then pricked her finger as foretold,  
And fell into deep slumber.

One hundred years the princess slept,  
And all within the palace.

Then came a brave and gallant  
prince,

Who sought to end the malice.

Through all these years a hedge of  
thorns

The castle had surrounded.

The briars yielded to his touch,  
Straight through the gates he  
bounded.

Through council chamber and  
through hall,

From stair to stair he panted.

At length he reached the tower room,  
Where lay the maid, enchanted.

He gazed upon her lovely face,

His wonder was unspoken.

Then kissed her as she lay asleep.

The wicked spell was broken!

Jeannette Rea, '45

### '45 TUNES UP

The star was a bright shining dia-  
mond in the deep black sky.

—Claire Doran

As he put his hand into the hollow  
he felt something cold, wet, and slip-  
pery slowly wind about his arm.

—Robert Hebb

The small boy let the mud ooze  
through his toes.

—Ethel Raitt

The swishing and churning of the water against the waterwheel, the continuous buzzing of the saw, and the thud of the falling wood blocks, make up only half of the sounds that can be heard at a sawmill.

—Rita Connors

Over the crash and clashing of the cavalry, I heard the rattling of the machine guns.

—Edward Bardsley

Bullets whined, big guns bellowed and roared their defiance, bombs

plunged to the earth screaming and shrieking as if to vent their rage on the tortured earth as the battle of the century thundered across a stricken land.

—Robert Ennis

A large red moving van moved slowly in and out of the creeping traffic.

—Jane Loring

A long black snake slithered rapidly across the shadowy sands and disappeared into the waters of a dark, muddy pond.

—Elizabeth Morton



## CHATTER



### SCHOOL DEFENSE

Monday, January 26, movies of incendiary bombs were shown in the hall for the school. In case of an air raid the students will remain at school. Home room pupils have been assigned to refuge rooms, in the main corridors or in the gym, according to the home room. Pupils can still buy defense stamps in the office.

### D. A. R. AWARD

Every year there is a good citizenship pilgrim chosen at our school. It is always a senior girl. This year it is Beatrice Britton.

### CHANGE IN FACULTY

In January Miss Green left us to get married. We wish to join the rest of the student body in wishing her a great deal of happiness and in welcoming Miss Donlan, who is replacing her.

### POSTPONED "JOURNAL"

#### DANCE

The "Journal" dance which was to be held in January has been postponed until March, because of conflicting activities.

### SELF-GOVERNMENT EXPERIMENT

Room 8 has been conducting its activities this year on a self-governing basis. A chairman and a council of five, elected at short intervals, are responsible for the home-room activities on Tuesdays and Thursdays, and for the general conduct of the pupils. It is also the duty of the chairman to take attendance and dismiss the room at any time Miss Cook should be absent and to lead the morning exercises in the same event. Once this happened and the exercises were carried out without a hitch.

The council gives out assignments of the duties of the room—a boy to shut and lock the windows at the close of school, someone to get the notices, someone to take the absence slip to the office. The offices of attendance-takers are passed on each week so that two pupils are always responsible for this and the burden will not fall too heavily on anyone.

The home-room activities, which are carried on in the free half of recess regularly designated for study, vary from day to day. There have been discussions of current affairs,



psychological tests, and a wide variety of word and question games. Members of the council act as chairmen and the object is to provide enjoyable, informative activities in which everyone has a part. The council is always ready to accept suggestions on activities, and several times the pupils have been asked to pass in suggestions as to what they would enjoy doing.

Miss Cook is pleased with the plan since it gives training in responsibility and co-operation. She points out, however, that it can succeed only with the full co-operation of the pupils in recognizing the authority of the chairman and council members and in taking part in the activities.

### VOCATIONAL TESTS

Mrs. Cahill, who comes from Boston University to give vocational guidance tests, came earlier this year. Those who are taking the tests tell us that they have changed somewhat and are now much more comprehensive.

### HIT PARADE

"There I go" to the office  
 "Chattanooga Choo-Choo" Boxford bus  
 "Hello, Ma, I done it again" got detention  
 "Say It" no school  
 "Georgia On My Mind" when the teacher's talking  
 "Fools Rush In" 8:15  
 "Now I lay me down to dream" in a study period  
 "You and I" Thelma Wilkinson and Billy Hibbits  
 "Time and Time Again" I don't know the answer  
 "Nightmare" report cards  
 "High On a Windy Hill" coming from Hi Spot  
 "Beneath the Lights of Home" doing home work

### CONTEST

Wouldn't we be proud if we had a football song which we could sing and the band could play? Well, we can. That's why the "Journal" is sponsoring this contest. We're after a verse, or better still, two verses to the tune of "On Wisconsin," which is available in band arrangement. The author of the winning entry will be announced at the Yearbook Dance and the verse printed in the spring issue of the "Journal." Mr. Murray wrote a verse which the chorus has been singing for several weeks, and we are printing it to show you the meter.

Onward Johnson! Onward Johnson!  
 Rush right down that field,  
 Pass the ball round Punchard High School

Victory sure is fine. Rah! Rah! Rah!  
 Onward Johnson! Onward Johnson!  
 Fight with Johnson might,  
 Fight fellows, fight! Fight! Fight!  
 We'll win today.

The deadline of the contest is March 20. Get out your pencils now and let us see what you can do for the honor of the school!

### ALUMNI

Mary Peel and Virginia Carvell, both of the class of 1939, are at Radcliff.

John Campbell, '39, is attending Northeastern.

Katherine Wainwright, '40, is a student nurse at the Lawrence General Hospital.

Eleanor Valpey, '39, is attending Boston University.

Thomas Lesure, '41, past editor-in-chief of the *Journal*, is a staff correspondent for the *Boston University News*.

Doris Rea, '40, is on the Dean's list at the Lowell State Teachers' College.





"IN AND OUT, AND ROUNDABOUT."



## YOUR OPINION

1. Brunettes are general favorites, but blondes among the boys. Uh-uh girlies—there might be priorities on bleaches!

2. Hawaii seems to be the place where you would like to go, and if not there, to Havana, California, and Western and Southern U. S. Also, the junior and senior girls have a yearning to see New York. Two sophomore boys want to visit Reno.

3. The girls want to be secretaries and nurses, and the boys aviators or to have careers in the army or navy.

4. About 75% of you had rather live in the country than in the city. However, a goodly portion of the remaining 25% who had rather live in the city, is made up of seniors.

5. About two-thirds of you had rather see high school girls in long hair-dos. The junior girls, however, were definite in saying that they liked shoulder-length.

6. Only about 27% of you believe that high school boys should leave school to enlist, and even at that, boys, your girl-friends want you to go much less than you want to go yourselves!

7. You'd rather hear Glen Miller than Wagner or Verdi. In fact, over 88% of you would, but the junior and senior girls make up over three-fourths of those of you who had rather hear Grand Opera.

8. You are, as a whole, just about evenly divided concerning girls wearing slacks to school. Of course, the girls want to wear them more than the boys want them to wear them. As one senior boy put it, "Let the girls wear slacks when the boys wear skirts."

9. We don't know what your hobbies are, but you are also divided quite evenly on that main point—have you one? 56% of you do.

10. Bette Davis and Betty Grable are the most popular actresses.

11. Errol Flynn and Clark Gable are the favorite movie actors, with Mickey Rooney and John Payne, who is especially popular with the sophomore girls, coming close behind.

12. Football is the best-liked sport as far as the boys go, and even some of the girls, but most of the fair sex had rather swim.

13. "Gone with the Wind" was the most popular single book. The freshmen like mysteries and comic books. The sophomores also like mysteries. The juniors have got to the adventure stage, and they also like career books. The seniors like best sellers and the classics. Some of them admitted that they like comic books.

14. You like mystery programs, like "Inner Sanctum," and "I love a mystery." You also listen to the "Lux Radio Theater" and to the "Hit Parade."

15. The favorite movie is "Gone with the Wind." The freshmen liked "They Died with their Boots On"; the sophomores, "Sun Valley Serenade"; the juniors liked "Goodbye, Mr. Chips"; and the seniors, "Knute Rockne", "How Green was My Valley", and "Blossoms in the Dust."

16. Seasons? You would have the following, in order of your preference: summer, spring, winter, and fall.

17. You like blue best, then red, then green.

18. English is your best-loved school subject. The freshmen also like math, civics, and general science; the sophomores, math, type, and social science. The juniors like math and chemistry; the seniors, commercial subjects and math.

19. You'd definitely rather dance to Glen Miller's music or his playing than any other.

20. Chocolate, vanilla, strawberry, and maple walnut are your favorite ice cream flavors, in order.

21. The range of favorite names is extremely wide. Ann and Mary are the best-liked. The junior boys like Betty and Barbara, and the senior girls have an enormous collection of foreign and flowery names.

22. There is also a variety of boy's names, but Bob and Bill were chosen most.

23. Buick, Pontiac, Ford, and Chevrolet are your favorite jalopies, in order of your choice.

24. You like to sing, listen to, and dance to "The White Cliffs of Dover", "Elmer's Tune", and "Chattanooga Choo Choo".

25. The Philco had the most votes, and the R. C. A. Victor next. Silver-tone and Zenith tagged behind, in that order.

26. The freshmen and sophomores like Strauss waltzes and Tchaikovsky's "Piano Concerto in B Flat Minor". The latter was also the favorite of the juniors and the senior boys. The senior girls like Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" and his "5th Symphony."

27. Tchaikovsky, Johann Strauss, Beethoven, Schubert, and Chopin are your favorite composers, in order according to the number of votes they received.

28. Superman is decidedly your comic hero. Some of you prefer Flash Gordon, or Scorchy Smith, however.

29. Flying Jenny is the comic heroine, followed in importance by Boots, Blondie, Jane Arden, and Pug.

30. Your stomach calls for ice cream first and foremost, but if not for this, for chocolate pudding or apple pie.

31. "Life" received most votes. The senior boys like "Esquire", the senior girls "Mademoiselle" and the "Reader's Digest".

32. The *Boston Advertiser* is your favorite Sunday newspaper. The freshmen like the *Sunday Sun*, the sophomores, the *Globe*, and the seniors the *New York Times*.

### KNOW YOUR FUTURE

Take your first initial and match it in the left column, and your second initial in the right.

A Arrogant	A Antique
B Bothersome	B Baby
C Catty	C Clown
D Delapitated	D Duck
E Evil	E Eel
F Feeble-minded	F Flirt
G Greedy	G Gorilla
H Haughty	H Heroine, hero
I Irresistable	I Imbecile
J Jealous	J Jailbird
K Kissable	K Kleptomaniac
L Lovable	L Lunatic
M Merciless	M Murderer
N Noisy	N Nuisance
O Obnoxious	O Octopus
P Peculiar	P Pest
Q Quizzical	Q Quack
R Ruthless	R Renegade
S Sensitive	S Sap
T Terrifying	T Tease
U Ugly	U Umpire
V Vivacious	V Vamp
W Weird	W Weasel
Y Young	Y Yankee
Z Zealous	Z Zany

Phyllis Dearden, '44

### EXCHANGES

*The Killonian*

Killingly H. S., Danielson, Conn.

As usual your paper is one of the most original we received. Where do you get all of those ideas? You seem to have an inexhaustible supply, and they're all good, too.

*School Nooz*

Randolph H. S., Randolph, Vt.

A rousing cheer for your magazine. It looks very professional with that type and all those photographs. It's really super, and there's plenty of it.



*The Meteor*

Berlin H. S., Berlin, N. H.

You've really got something in your journal. Business is picking up all around. That printing job is tops and you've got some budding "Pulitzer Prize" recipients up in that neck of the woods. Wouldn't we be flattered if you put in an exchange column!

*The Cub*

Ipswich H. S., Ipswich, Mass.

Well, you are coming up in the world. We're glad to see that you're abolishing half of your mimeographing because it is awfully hard to read.

Now, if you'd only do it all in regular type and get in an exchange column, you'd really be in the groove. The diary is still tops in originality and interest.

*The Lawrencian*

Lawrence H. S., Lawrence, Mass.

We see that you predicted defeat for Haverhill in your paper. Well, a tie isn't half bad. You have some sidesplitters in the joke section. Par example! Chemistry teacher: "Is there anyone here who thinks I can read his mind?" Silence: "Is there anyone here who thinks he can read mine?" Silence: Finally in desperation: "Is there anyone here?"



## SPORTS



## GIRLS' BASKETBALL

JOHNSON 29, ALUMNAE 23

This was the first game of the season, and also the first victory for the team. We had many of last year's players to play against and some other good veterans. There were K. Earl, H. Polichnowski (who was high scorer for the Alumnae), A. Mackie, L. Maker, M. Cashman, and R. Kennedy. B. Earl and Co-Captain J. McNab were high scorers for the Johnson girls.

JOHNSON 25, CHELMSFORD 24

The team traveled to Chelmsford for their first league game. Both teams played well, with B. Lefebvre featuring for Johnson.

JOHNSON 22, TEWKSBURY 19

This was another close victory for the girls. It was the girls' third victory, with B. Earl high scorer. J. McNab and B. Lefebvre played very well.

JOHNSON 35, BURLINGTON 26

This was the first home game and the fourth victory for the girls. The team tried very hard in spite of their loss of B. Lefebvre (who had fractured her wrist). H. Holz and M. Cunningham did a good piece of playing. B. Earl and J. McNab were high scorers for Johnson.

METHUEN 33, JOHNSON 28

The Johnson girls lost their first game to Methuen. It was good game, and J. McNab did well for the Johnson girls. Co-Captain Grace Foley was high scorer for the Methuen girls.

The Johnson second team showed great prospects when they won their first game with Methuen. M. Saunders and S. Hamilton were high scorers. J. Kennedy and A. Agey did well in the guard section. The score was Johnson 10, Methuen 9.

### HOWE 24, JOHNSON 18

The team traveled to Howe High for the first defeat in the Lowell Suburban League. Co-Captains H. Holz and J. McNab were outstanding. Jean made 11 points.

### JOHNSON 33, WILMINGTON 28

The Johnson girls outscored Wilmington, 33 to 28. J. McNab and B. Earl were high scorers for the home club. D. Shepard featured for the opposing team. Mary Ritchie from Wilmington was taken from the floor in the last quarter because of illness, after playing a very good game.

### BOYS' BASKETBALL

The Johnson boys' basketball team got off on the right foot by defeating the Alumni. The score was 33 to 30. Chester Cramton, Johnson pivot man, featured with 14 points.

Johnson High lost its first Lowell Suburban League contest to Chelmsford by the score of 26 to 6.

Johnson lost its second game to Tewksbury by the score of 22 to 19. Tewksbury was forced into a three-minute overtime period, the score being 18-all at the end of the regu-

lation game. Captain Paul Routhier was outstanding with 11 points.

Johnson lost a close game to Central Catholic by the score of 31 to 30. The winning basket was scored with seconds left.

Johnson lost to Burlington by the score of 31 to 23. Referee Scott was busy with the whistle all night, calling 30 fouls, 15 on each team. That game saw two players from each side removed on four fouls.

Johnson chalked up its first victory in the Lowell Suburban League, defeating Howe, 33 to 32. Bill Glidden's foul point in the final seconds, decided the battle. Captain Routhier featured with 14 points.

Johnson chalked up its second win in the Lowell Suburban League by the overwhelming score of 45 to 12. Captain Routhier featured with 15 points.

Johnson defeated Brooks by the score of 33 to 17. Glidden was high scorer with a total of 13 points.

Johnson defeated Methuen by the score of 28 to 23. Routhier and Glidden featured for Johnson with 9 and 8 points respectively.



## GLEANINGS



Miss McAloon: "Where have you been?"

Boeglin: "Out shooting craps!"

Miss McAloon: "You may go to detention. Why, those poor little things have just as much right to live as you have."

Mr. Lee: "What is more astounding than a horse that can count?"

Young Biologist: "A spelling bee!"

Miss Veva Chapman: "What do you mean by saying that they can't sentence a deaf man?"

Civics Student: "Well, the constitution says that no person can be sentenced without a hearing."

Sam Bardsley: "May I please be excused? I don't feel well."

Mr. Hayes: "Where don't you feel well?"

Sam: "In school!"



Punky Stewart (in telephone booth): "I'd like a box for two."

Voice (on other end of line): "We don't have boxes for two."

Punky: "Isn't this the box office manager?"

Voice: "No, this is the undertaker!"

Miss Cook: "Adam, what is military strategy?"

Adam: "To keep on firing so the enemy won't know you're out of ammunition."

Miss Clara Chapman: "What do you know about nitrates?"

Lilian Amshey: "All that I know is that night rates are cheaper than day rates."

A notice in a Scotch church once read: Will all people who put buttons in the collection plate please put in their own, and kindly refrain from ripping them off the pew cushions?

Barbara Fenton: "And next week I'm sending to Paris to get my clothes."

Grandma Fenton: "Yes, yes. I wondered where you had left them."

He was considerably puzzled as to what to do about the cat when he went on his vacation. Finally, he hit upon a bright idea. He left the following note under his neighbor's door:

"Dear Mr. Jones:

Would you please put a little food out each day for my cat. He'll eat almost anything, but don't put yourself out."

We are indebted to current periodicals for our jokes.

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